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Of Dogs.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,
Or of any dog that you please—
I go for the dog, the wise old dog.
That knowingly takes his ease,
And, wagging his tail outside the ring,
Keeping always his bone in sight,
Cares not a pin, in his wise old head,
For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
And why should any dog sail in,
With nothing to gain, but a certain chance
To lose his own precious skin?
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail
To see it in quite this light;
But when the fur flies, I had rather be
The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs, most generous dogs,
Who think it quite the thing
To take the part of the bottom dog,
And go yelping into the ring.
I care not a pin what the world may say
In regard to the wrong or right;
My money goes, as well as my song,
For the dog that keeps out of the fight.

—John Paul

THE POSY OF SANDY GULCH.

They called the place Sandy Gulch; it was hard to understand why, for it was full of rocks, apparently. There was not sand enough visible to scour a pan—but then, pans in Sandy Gulch were not secured. There was a deeply bronzed and heavily bearded set of men, heavy drinkers all; and there were no women, at least until Phoebe arrived. Slim Jim was the autocrat of the place; he kept the New Orleans Saloon. Liquors were dispensed in the front room, and faro in the rear.

Phoebe lived "a smart piece" above it, in a rough place, half canvas and half logs. What old Langsdale had brought her there for no one could imagine; she had been the only woman on the ship when they made their weary six-months' voyage from New York, and now she was the only woman in Sandy Gulch.

Phoebe was twenty—most girls are pretty at twenty, if they are ever going to be pretty; Phoebe had hazel eyes, and rounded, rose-pink cheeks, and the prettiest pouting mouth in the world. The Sandy Gulchers thought her a goddess, and adored her accordingly.

Old Langsdale took the best of care of his daughter. When he moved his claim he moved his cabin, too; and always kept near enough for Phoebe to hear the sound of his pick. When the diggings gave out in one place, the cabin was "toted" to where they had not given out. He never lacked help in moving his cabin—there were always plenty of Sandy Gulchers anxious to lend a hand; they even quarreled about it, and Langsdale obliged them to take turns. You see, they called it "helping Phoebe."

There were not many loafers in camp; the people had come there to make a fortune, and could not afford to loaf; but there were a few, a couple of Mexicans—"Greasers," the miners called them—and two or three of the stamp of Slim Jim.

They were always busy enough at night; in the daytime they hung round the New Orleans Saloon, and they would have liked to have visited Phoebe, but old Langsdale would not have it. He borrowed a pot of black paint and a brush, and painted over his door,

"NOTICE! NO LOAFERS WANTED."

He thought that this would do, but one day he came home and found Apodoca there. Phoebe was sitting on an empty butter keg, the rose-pink in her round cheeks deepened a little, and the pouting mouth was as smiling as you please.

Old Langsdale was mad; he called Apodoca out, and pointed to the notice on the door. Apodoca planted his feet firmly on the ground, placed his arms akimbo, and gazed intently at the lettering for some time; then, turning to Langsdale, he said, in his politest accents:

"No sabbee."
"You no read?" interrupted Langsdale.

"Me no sabbee read Inglia," replied Apodoca, taking his sombrero from the bush by the door which caught the hats of most of Phoebe's visitors; once in a while a hat was taken inside, if it chanced to be new, and kicked under the table for safe keeping.

"Well," said Langsdale, "I'll read it for yer: 'Notice!'—he said this in thundering tones, which increased in volume as he went on—"No loafers wanted. That means, Git! You sabbee that?"

"Si, Senor," replied Apodoca, with a cordonic smile, as, after a most profound bow to Phoebe, he placed his sombrero on his head, and walked serenely away. "I'll horsewhip that fool, ef I ketch him yere agin," said Langsdale, frowning at Phoebe.

"Why, papa, don't blame me," said she, tossing her head; "I couldn't tell him to clear out."

"You needn't have been so dreadful sweet and smiling, though!" he replied.

"I just gave him a pleasant word," pouted Phoebe; "I can't be cross to people, and Jose was very polite, I'm sure."

Langsdale muttered something about "breaking his head," and went into the cabin for his dinner. Phoebe went in after him. When he had gone into the rear room, which was his room, *par excellence*, she softly closed the door behind him. The front room was her own; it contained her bed, her wardrobe, and her trinkets; the latter were all presents, and all of one sort. They stood in a row on a rough board shelf—"specimens," which would have made Eastern ladies' eyes shine.

When a Sandy Gulcher found a nugget which was remarkable for purity or beauty, he set it aside for "Posy"—they all liked to call the blooming maid there "Posy." The consequence was that Miss Phoebe had several thousand dollars on her rough shelf, and went barefooted and bareheaded, and wore a calico gown. She had no fear of any one robbing her, though there were scamps in the camp who would have cut a man's throat for a tenth of the wealth which Phoebe's nuggets represented; but woe unto the man in Sandy Gulch who would have robbed the Posy!

When she went to attend the grand ball at Bootjack Bar, although she was absent three days, she left her trinkets undisturbed on the shelf, and found them there undisturbed on her return.

When she had shut the door after her father, Phoebe took from her pocket a new specimen—a particularly fine one, and very valuable; it was a present just received from Jose Apodoca. It had probably been won in the rear room at Slim Jim's, but that did not trouble Phoebe. When she first came to California she had been shocked at a hundred things which she now looked upon with indifference. She admired her nugget, not for its value, but because it was pretty; perhaps because in her heart there was a soft place for the handsome Mexican. She despised him for his laziness, and yet—she put it on the shelf with a sigh. "I'll tell papa," she thought to herself, "when he feels kinder toward Jose."

Yet, in spite of old Langsdale's emphatic translation of the "Inglis" over his door, Apodoca came again.

Phoebe "couldn't be cross to people," and smiled and chatted, rose-pink deepened in her cheeks, light brightened in her eyes, until Jose was more enthralled and bewildered than ever. But, for all her pleasantness, Phoebe was a dutiful daughter, and not only impressed her adorer with the necessity of departing before her father came home for his dinner, but likewise besought him not to come again, unless to her evening reception. The Posy and her father seldom entertained less than twenty in an evening. Every one in the camp would have been there if the cabin had been bigger; as it was, half the callers had to content themselves with standing outside, and catching now and then a word or a smile from the goddess through the doorway. The New Orleans Saloon did not begin to have such attractions for them; and the evening before the Posy went to Bootjack Bar, and held a grand farewell reception, in her ball dress, with shoes and stockings on, the saloon was wholly deserted, and Slim Jim himself closed up, and went with the crowd to old Langsdale's cabin.

But Jose intimated, in mellifluous if adulterated Spanish—Spanish flowed like oil from Posy's ready tongue—that he could not speak more than two words to her in the evening, and besides (with a smile and a jerk of his thumb toward Slim Jim's), his business engagements prevented his coming in the evening; and, still besides that, he must there meet a certain hated John, who was supposed to be the choice of her heart, as he certainly was of her father's.

Phoebe pouted and made a face at the mention of John; he would have been a grand catch for pretty Phoebe Langsdale in the little down-east town where she had been brought up—but the goddess of Sandy Gulch could afford to be scornful.

Jose, however, was inclined to question the sincerity of her scorn; she, in turn, protested vigorously, and, in the midst of the discussion, old Langsdale walked in unsuspectingly. Casting one look full of anger and disgust at his daughter, the old man, who had the strength of a giant, seized Apodoca by the shoulders, and half lifted, half kicked him out, yelling, "Git! git!" at the top of his voice.

The Mexican, however, was not to be kicked out of anywhere by anybody with impunity, and, drawing his short, sharp knife, without which a Sandy Gulcher would have been unrecognizable, he made a furious bound toward the old man, with his knife upraised, and a murderous rage distorting his handsome face. But Phoebe was there before him; seizing his arm with her little brown hand, the rose-pink all faded out of her cheeks, and her eyes wide open with terror, she cried: "Don't strike—don't strike!" catching her breath in a terrified sob. Flinging his knife into the *chapparral*, he caught the terrified goddess in his arms, pressed a burning kiss—his

first and last—on the round, warm cheek, and fled, and Sandy Gulch knew him no more. He knew that Phoebe and her guardians would never forgive his drawing a knife on old Langsdale, and he unarmed. A man who would resent anything from the Posy's father was not to be tolerated in Sandy Gulch.

Time went by, and the goddess still reigned without a rival in her kingdom; and poor John still sned at her feet, though getting hopeless. His university education, his talents, his proud family, his manly beauty, all availed him nothing in his desire to gather to himself the blooming Posy; and then, he did have wretched luck. He often said, with a gloomy smile, that when his pick went in, gold went out at the other end.

One night, John sat in the rear room, tipped back in his chair with his heels on the window-sill. The Posy held no reception that evening; she had started at daybreak, accompanied by her father, for a visit over to Van Duzens. Aside from the unwanted absence of the Posy, John felt melancholy; he was dead-broke, and had come to the conclusion that his claim was not worth as much as his pick; and then, although old Langsdale had invited him to ride over to Van Duzen's and help escort the Posy home that night, yet he could not but let the remembrance of Phoebe's cool manner rattle in his mind, more than the prospect of his felicity soothed it.

"*Buenas noches*, Senor John," said a musical voice.

John looked up, a trifle surprised. "Hullo, Apodoca, that you?"

Apodoca responded that it was undoubtedly himself, and invited John to a game of cards. John looked at his watch; in ten or fifteen minutes he must be starting for Van Duzen's. It had been the Posy's sovereign desire to leave there about ten o'clock and come home by moonlight; moreover, he knew that the Mexican hated him, and that his reputation as an honest man had not been improved since he left Sandy Gulch. So John tipped back a little more in his chair, and said he couldn't; had promised Langsdale and the Posy to ride home with them from Van Duzen's that night.

Apodoca smiled serenely, and said: "One little game; it takes but few minutes."

"Come, John," said the Doctor, "I'm in good luck to-night; you and I against Slippery Jack and Jose."

"I'm dead broke," said John.

"I lend; I have plenty gold-dust. See," and Jose drew out a bag, which looked comfortably plump. He insisted on lending John an ounce, and the game began. On the first deal Apodoca and Jack were winners, and the former volunteered to treat. John began to get interested in the game, then excited, then absorbed. He called for more drinks, he borrowed more gold-dust, he forgot the Posy and her moonlight ride. His brain seemed to be on fire; now he won, now he lost. His losses were the greater, for he must always borrow more dust from the "Greaser's" bag, so comfortably full. Slippery Jack and the Doctor slipped out of the game, somehow, and he and Apodoca played alone. Slim Jim looked on contemptuously, commiseratingly. "Confounded fool!" he said to Bald Pete—John's former partner—"he never had no luck; oughter know it."

Meanwhile, the Posy rode home over the mountain trail, in the silver moonlight, in a very bad temper. Her father rode before her; where was "that John," who ought to have been only too happy to have the honor of riding behind her? She had intended to be so pleasant to him, too! When they passed the New Orleans Saloon, it was brilliantly lighted; it was always brilliant lightly, all night.

"Ask what time it is, papa," said Phoebe.

Langsdale asked Bald Pete, who stood by the door. "Two o'clock," he answered.

"What are they so still in there for?" asked Phoebe, accustomed to hear the most uproarious noises in the saloon.

"Apodoca and John are playing," replied Bald Pete.

"Come here!" said the Posy, imperiously. Bald Pete came, obediently, as became a faithful subject. "What are the stakes? John's got nothing to play with. When did Jose get back? Who is winning?"

Bald Pete answered all the questions, but the one about the stakes he evaded. But she made him tell how John had borrowed gold dust until Jose would lend no more; that he had risked his claim and lost; his watch, his pick, the very clothes upon his back. "He's clean gone crazy," said Bald Pete—"clean out on his wits."

"What's he playing for now?" said the Posy.

Bald Pete hesitated, and tried again to evade the question, in vain.

"If you don't tell me," said she "I'll go right in and ask 'em."

"Wall," said Pete, peering up in the darkness to get a look at the Posy's round, pretty face, "he's staked his

chances ter git you agin the dust he's borrowed of Jose."

"And who's winning?"

"I'm bound to say as Jose's winnin'," said Pete, sorrowfully. "John never had no luck at kards."

Phoebe whipped up Robin a little, and followed her father up to the cabin in silence. Once inside her room, she took from the shelf the nugget which had been a present from Jose, and, stepping outside the door, she threw it with all her strength into the thick underbrush, whispering: "There, blood-thirsty villain!" Then she went back, took the rest of her nuggets—gathering up the corners of her apron, that none might roll out—slipped out of the door, and ran at full speed down to the saloon, the silver moonlight shining upon her as she went. Bald Pete stood at the door.

"My eye!" he cried, when he saw the Posy.

"Are they playing yet?" she whispered.

He nodded assent. She took his hand and clung to it like a child, drawing him into the room after her. Jose looked up when she came in, and started; John saw her, too, and let the cards drop from his hand. "Never mind 'em, John," she said, in so low a voice that he hardly heard her, "I'm going to pay Jose for your debt; and she emptied the nuggets upon the table, between the two pistols which lay there, one upon each side, ready to the hand of each player. She put her arms around John's arm, clinging to it, as if she loved it, and tried to lead him away.

Apodoca flung his cards upon the floor, and, quick as a flash, Phoebe heard the crack of his pistol—once, twice! John fell back against the wall with a groan, the room was full of smoke and the smell of burnt powder; then there was a heavy thud, and Apodoca fell, between the wall and the table, dead, without a groan or a word; the pistol, clenched fast in his stiffened hand, went into the grave with him. And two days after, with all the inconsistency of a woman, the Posy searched the *chapparral*, far and near, to find the nugget which she had scornfully thrown away, and which, for all her searching, she never found.

John was all very well—she did love him, and would marry him, but his wound had been nothing; Apodoca's aim, so fatally sure the second, had missed the first time, and John had escaped with a mere flesh-wound. But Jose—"poor fellow!" his love cost him his life, and even spoiled goddesses have tender women's hearts!

In Behalf of the Birds.

George T. Fish, of Rochester, chairman of the committee on ornithology, presented to the Western New York Horticultural Society a well-considered statement touching the usefulness of our feathered friends. A French naturalist ascertained by careful investigation that a single insect might in five generations become the progenitor of five thousand millions of descendants. With these appalling figures before us we are forced to the conclusion that were the birds destroyed a desolation would result, compared with which the grasshopper plague of the West would sink into insignificance. The vocal melody of birds would give place to the constant buzzing, scraping, hissing sound of insects, not long, however, to be endured, for the destruction of vegetation must inevitably be followed by the destruction of animal life. It is evident God designed that the birds should hold the insects in check. Can we afford to dispense with even a part of their assistance because it costs us something in fruit? We are willing to pay money for fertilizers and for labor. We even pay men for destroying insects, and regard it as a profitable investment. It is unreasonable to demand that the entire work of the bird shall be gratuitous. While the committee would advise the protection of birds as a class, they think experience has shown that the pugnacious character of the English sparrow renders him an undesirable settler. Our domestic birds, more peaceably disposed, incline to leave him the whole field, and his introduction to this country is probably no improvement on nature's plan. It would seem to be better to encourage by every means an income of our native tribes.

She Felt Happy.

Two ladies met on the avenue, and one inquired of the other, "Why, you look very happy this morning. What's happened?" "Oh, I've just been up having my fortune told," was the reply, "and the woman says I'm to marry twice more, have diamonds and a camel's hair shawl, and that I can go to the opera six nights in a week if I want to." "Dear me, I don't wonder that you are happy. But you won't say anything to your husband?" "Oh, of course not. Poor man! He's good to me, and it might hurt his feelings to know that I am going to marry twice more. I think I'll tell him that I'm likely to die first!"

Items of Interest.

There are seven foreigners out of the nine members of the Covington (Ky.) City Council.

There is nothing more hazardous than to be bothering an irritable woman with foolish questions on wash day.

The population of Louisiana, according to the last census, numbered 304,450 whites and 463,067 blacks, a colored majority of 61,617.

One of the curiosities to be found at Hot Springs, Arkansas, is a blind dog which leads its blind master safely about in his peregrinations through the valley.

The obituary notice of a much respected lady concludes with—"In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh, how consoling to her friends."

Friendship is a good deal like china. It is very beautiful and durable as long as it is quite whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage.

An experienced papa, speaking of a youthful baby, says: "Its mouth when shut a'n't bigger than a worm hole in a hickory nut; but it is generally open, and as big as a stove-pipe hole."

The praying women's temperance union of Worcester, Mass., furnish the firemen of that city with hot coffee at every fire, the aim being to forestall the demand for intoxicating beverages.

Twelve States have adopted compulsory education laws: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Michigan, Kansas, Texas, Nevada, California, and New York.

Gen. M. L. Smith, whose sudden death has been announced, is said to have had his life insured for nearly \$100,000, and just before leaving Washington for New York took out a \$6,000 accident policy.

If every one were to begin the new year with a resolve to do as well as he knew how until it ended, and accomplish only half of that purpose, what a large advance in the direction of the millennium 1875 might witness.

Women have a great respect for old age. Watch a young lady seated in a street car between a young gentleman and an elderly one, and see how determined she is not to incommode the latter by crowding against him.

"The child has since died," is the laconic remark which a paper affixes to an account of a twelve-year-old girl who had already mastered logic, rhetoric, geology, botany, and the mysteries of mental and moral science.

The present system of penal servitude for women in England is one of solitary confinement, and it is asserted that not one woman in twenty undergoes imprisonment of over a year's duration without showing signs of temporary insanity.

At Trevoux, in France, a farmer's boy killed two young owls in a nest near the house, and the old owls watched around for several nights, till on the fifth night an old male owl struck the same boy in the face and put one of his talons in the boy's left eye.

A popular clergyman says it is interesting to observe how many people go to the circus "just to please the children," and very curious to notice that sometimes it takes several able-bodied men and motherly women to look after one little boy or girl on such an occasion.

A Western *paterfamilias*, who has raised two families, has discovered that children grow more between January and July than in the other half of the year. His theory is that the growth of humanity is governed by the same laws which prevail over the vegetable kingdom.

"Yes, I like these short days," said old Truepenny, the other morning, joining in the discussion; "the interest counts up so fast. Why, when I come into my place mornings, and get out my securities, I can fairly hear them 'draw interest, right through the side of the box.'"

A New York life insurance company, in a recent publication giving a list of gentlemen who hold policies on their lives, puts down Alexander T. Stewart as insured for \$100,000. This paper is authorized to state that there is, and never has been any insurance whatever on Mr. Stewart's life.

A party of juvenile fiends out in Missouri tied an unpopular schoolmate to the railroad track, where the life was crushed out of him by a passing train. These young villains, when grown up, will probably black their faces and assist in the administration of the laws according to the code of Judge Lynch.

The committee of relief for the famine stricken people of Asia Minor urgently request the English and American press to let it be known that their funds are exhausted, while the distress is increasing. They state that it will be necessary to clothe, feed and give medical assistance to several hundred thousand persons until next June.